

GENERAL NEWS.

THE PITH AND POINT OF EVERYTHING CURRENT.

Points Jotted Down By Our Reporters, Who Are Always on the Alert for Any Item of News That May Transpire.

Mrs. Broderick was buried this afternoon.

New advertisements continue to come in.

Sixteen cases of new holiday goods just received at Summerfield Bros. d-1

Ben Baron is fitting up a new barber shop in the Occidental hotel.

Two feet of snow in Pennsylvania, and fans in use in Arizona.

Zephers, yarns, and all kinds of fancy goods, at the New Store.

Havana Lillies, the best in the city at Fortlouis.

Fine Teas and Coffees specialty at R. P. Mansfield's.

"Elite."

Ladies plain and embroidered flannel underwear, at the New York Store.

Have you seen the show windows of Seaman & Son.

Dyar & Baldwin have a fine lot of live Thanksgiving turkeys.

Fred Smith is the traveling agent and correspondent of the Epitaph.

Fred is a good man for this work.

Chas. Shibell took his departure this morning for Guadalupe canyon where he is running a sutler's store.

As will be seen by telegrams in another column, the Indians are still keeping up their human slaughter.

Don't pass the Fifth street News Depot, but come in and examine the stock.

Summerfield Bros. have the best display of holiday goods in Tombstone.

Do not forget that Summerfield Bros. have everything new for the holidays.

Our stock of boots and shoes are the finest this side of San Francisco, at Summerfield Bros.

"Elite."

Mr. Joseph Hoefler is confined to his bed with an attack of the pneumonia.

The Indian news is becoming very alarming as will be seen by our dispatches published elsewhere.

Large numbers of citizens have been in constant attendance in front of our bulletin.

Patrick O'Donnel, an old miner and resident of this camp, died last evening. His funeral will take place tomorrow.

Mr. Hugh Hagerty, well known in this city, who has been absent in Sonora for several months, returned from there to-day.

Miss Minnie Rafferty is now in charge of the millinery store formerly conducted by Mrs. Niebaker, and is selling out at cost in order to close out the business.

Mrs. Broderick who lived on Fremont street near Sheffelin Hall died suddenly last evening at her residence. She leaves two bright little girls entirely destitute.

The fire department will attend the funeral of the late Mrs. D. B. Immel in a body, she having been an honorary member of the Tombstone Engine Company.

Mayor Thomas came up the street this morning with his face wreathed with smiles, and a grin that reached around the back of his neck. When he could get his breath he stated in answer to our question, asking him what the matter was, we have got a little daughter down at our house, and it came about five o'clock this morning.

The Erie Cattle Company started a large drove of cattle from their ranch this morning for Wilcox, where they will be loaded on the cars and shipped to Kansas City for beef. Quite a large force of men are with the herd, so that in case Indians are met with they will be able to stand them off.

Death of Mrs. Immel.

It becomes our duty to announce the death of Mrs. D. B. Immel, proprietor of the Palace Lodging House, which occurred at one o'clock this morning. Mrs. Immel has not been feeling well for the past three or four weeks, but nothing serious was expected or thought of, and when her death was announced this morning, her numerous friends in this city were startled and could hardly credit the fact. Mrs. Immel is well known in this city where she has run the Palace Lodging House for a number of years. She was a whole souled and a large hearted lady, always ready to lend assistance to those in need or distress. She was an honorary member of the Tombstone Engine Company having been made such on account of her kindness and attention to injured firemen, after the second big fire that visited this city. Her pleasant face and kindly word will be missed by the many friends who knew and loved her. THE DAILY TOMBSTONE in common with a host of friends extends the most heartfelt sympathy to the almost distracted husband. The announcement of the funeral will appear in to-morrow morning's paper.

COUNTY RECORDS.

The following instruments have been filed in the office of the County Recorder:

AFFIDAVIT

Of Jas. A. Hart as to amount of cattle slaughtered by him at Dos Cabezas for the month of November.

Of Chas. Anshutz and Geo. Eddleman as to doing the assessment work for 1885 on the Keystone mine, Warren district.

BRAND

Of Thos. J. Turner of M. T. on cattle.

Attention Engine Co.

There will be a special meeting of your company this evening at 7:30 o'clock, to make arrangements to attend the funeral of Mrs. D. B. Immel, an honorary member of this company.

I. M. ISAACS, Foreman.

Attention Rescue's.

You are hereby notified to attend a meeting of the Rescue Hose company this evening at 7:30 o'clock.

G. S. BRADSHAW, President.

We were in error yesterday when we stated that Lieutenant Maus had had a brush with the renegades in the Dragoons. It should have read like this: Lieutenant Maus is in command of a portion of Captain Crawford's scouts, and is situated in the Middle pass of the Dragoons. He stated that the Indians who made the last raid were eleven in number and are supposed to be the same ones that were hanging around San Carlos and Fort Apache trying to get their squaws. Last week near San Carlos they killed six White Mountain Indians, when Sanchez, a White Mountain chief got a lot of his tribe together and followed and overtook the renegades and killed one and wounded another, the one that was killed was a son of Juak. The wounded renegade stated that the renegades would hang round until they killed Chatto, as he stood in with the scouts. The scouts that are now out are Mohaves, Yumas and White Mountain Indians. After the news of the killing reached San Carlos, Chatto went to the telegraph office at Bowie and told them that they wanted to strike the trail of the renegades and stay with it until they killed the last renegade for their own possessions and families at San Carlos would never be safe. Lieut. Maus says that when the White Mountain Indians learned of the killing of six of their number by the renegades they became frenzied with rage, and he thinks that the scouts will never let up until the last hostile has bit the dust. He has not yet struck the trail of the renegades but thinks that he will drop on the renegades while in the Dragoons.

Mr. E. Swift came in from Soldier Holes this afternoon and reports that four Indians came out of the Dragoon mountains this morning and struck across the valley for the Mule mountains as fast as their horses would carry them. He states that two of their horses were shot and two were unhad. He also states that while going to Soldier Holes yesterday he crossed a trail of about seven or eight Indians going into the Dragoons this side of Antelope Springs. The trail was very fresh and he followed it up a short distance and found a blanket that they had lost and took it on with him to Soldier Holes.

MORE BLOOD.

The Red Devils Kill Ben Crawford, Sheriff of Graham County, and two Other

Citizens Killed Near Solomonville, in Graham County.

--Couriers are Being

Sent out in all Directions, and Families are Fleeing to the Settlements for

Protection -- Five American Citizens Killed Since our Last Report Last Night.

WILCOX, Dec. 2, 1885.

EDITOR TOMBSTONE:—3 p.m.—More bloodshed. Indians killed Ben Crawford, Sheriff of Graham county and two other men near Solomonville, this morning. Men, women and children are fleeing in all directions. Couriers are being sent out in all directions to warn the people. Indians are all broken up in bands of fifteen and twenty and no one is safe at this hour.

W. S. DAVIS.

WILCOX, Dec. 2, 1885.

EDITOR DAILY TOMBSTONE:—The body of the little boy who was murdered by Indians near San Carlos was brought here this morning at 2 o'clock. The mother fainted away at the sight and is yet unconscious. Medical aid was soon administered, but it is feared that she will never recover.

W. S. DAVIS.

WILCOX, Dec. 2, 1885.

EDITOR DAILY TOMBSTONE:—Two more pioneers of Arizona have been made victims by Crook's pets. The Wright brothers who live at San Jose, on the Gila, were killed yesterday at 4 o'clock.

W. S. DAVIS.

We received a call this morning from Messrs. Hanna and McGowan of the Chiricahua mountains. Mr. McGowan is the gentleman who was shot by Indians at Morse's canyon two months ago to-day. Mr. McGowan states that he was at work in his garden cutting a ditch when he heard a shot and felt a stinging pain in his breast. He then attempted to run for his horse to escape when he saw an Indian with his gun drawn down on him and he jumped behind a tree. By this time he was so weak from loss of blood that he had to lay down. After he had lain there a few minutes two Indians came up to him and turned him over and rifled his pockets taking therefrom thirteen dollars, remarking at the same time "Lie still John." They then went to the house and broke down the doors and stole his saddle and bridle, gun and pistols and his blankets, and some coffee and sugar and then departed in great haste. Mr. McGowan then crawled to his nearest neighbors and word was sent to the post surgeon to come to his assistance, which he refused to do, and a courier was sent to Bowie to the acting surgeon at that place, who arrived on Sunday, and Mr. McGowan was shot on Friday. For this he charged him thirty-five dollars.

Mr. McGowan feels sure that it was scouts that shot him, and says that one of them spoke good English.

Mr. McGowan's wounds are just healed, and when he bared his breast today and showed them to us, it made our blood boil to think of our settlers being so exposed to these murderous pets of the government, and that we can get no relief from that government.

Mr. McGowan states that on the 26th of last month he and another man were going up the canyon with two teams, his companion being in the rear of him when he saw two Indians. They at once sent word to an officer who is stationed in the mountains with some colored troops and Indian scouts. When they arrived the scouts were shown the moccasin tracks of the Indians which were not an hour old, they repudiated the idea that they were Indians, and said they were made by whitemen's boots with the heels knocked off, and the officer was very indignant to think that he had been forced to come from his comfortable quarters on a wild goose chase, and continued to search no further.

Mr. McGowan states that he believes there are Indians there in the mountains, all the time, as gun shots are heard very often, and fresh moccasin tracks are seen very often.

A PERSONAL CARD.

A Matter in Which the Public Should Have a Deal of Interest.

TO THE READERS OF THE DAILY TOMBSTONE:

Why does the government spend so much money and risk so many lives in trying to capture the counterfeiters? "Suppose he does counterfeit government bonds and notes, surely the government is rich enough to stand any loss his act may confer!"

But the individual citizens could ill afford to be put to continual financial loss if such desperadoes were let go unwhipped of justice.

It is only the valuable thing that is counterfeited; it is only in the light of purity and virtue that impurity and vice can be known. No one in these days would counterfeit a Confederate bond or note.

People who commit fraud always do it by simulating the highest virtue; by preying on the cleanest reputation, by employing the fair name of virtue with which to give respectability to vice.

Let us explain: Seven or eight years ago, so we have been informed many times in public prints, a New York state gentleman was pronounced, as many millions have been pronounced before, incurably sick of an extreme disorder. By suggestions which he believed were providential, he was led to the use of a preparation which had been for several years employed by a select few physicians in New York city and one or two other prominent places. The result was that he was cured, he whom doctors without number and of conceded ability said was incurable. Having secured possession of the formula, "absolutely and irrevocably," he determined to devote a portion of his accumulated wealth to the manufacture and sale of this remedy for the benefit of the many who suffer as he suffered, in apparent hopelessness. In less than three years, so tremendous became the demand for this remedy and so exalted the reputation, that he was obliged for his purposes to erect a laboratory and warehouse containing four and a quarter acres of flooring and filled with the most approved chemical and manufacturing devices. Probably there never was a remedy that has won such a meritorious name, such extraordinary sales and has accomplished so much good for the race.

Unprincipled Parties, "who flourish only upon the ruin of others," saw in this reputation and sale an opportunity to reap a golden harvest, (not legitimately, not honorably) for which purpose they have made imitations and substitutions of it in every section of the country, and many druggists, who can make a larger profit on these imitation goods, often compromise their honor by forcing a sale upon the unposted customer.

Yes, undoubtedly the manufacturers could well afford to ignore such instances of fraud so far as the effect upon "themselves" is concerned, for their remedies have a constant and unremitting sale, but they feel it to be "their duty to warn the public" against such imitations and substitutions, non-secret and otherwise. The individual who buys them and the public who countenances their sale alone suffer in mind, body and estate therefore.

The authors of some of these fraudulent practices have been prosecuted and sent to prison for their crimes, but there is another class who claim to know the formula of this remedy and one Sunday school journal, we are told, has prostituted its high and holy calling so far as to advertise that for twenty-five cents it will send all new subscribers a transcript of the Warner formula! This formula, by the way, must be a wonderfully kaleidoscopic affair, for there is hardly a month passes when some paper is not issued which pretends to give the only correct formula!

The manufacturers inform us that they would be perfectly willing that the public should know what the true formula of Warner's safe cure is, (none that have been published are anything like it), but even if every man, woman and child in the United States were as familiar with this formula as with their A B C's "they could not compound the remedy." The method of manufacture is a secret. It is impossible to obtain the results that are wrought by this remedy if one does not have the perfect skill acquired only by years of practice for compounding and assimilating the simple elements which enter into its composition.

The learned Dr. Foster, the honored head of Clifton Springs sanitarium, once said that having roughly analyzed this remedy he recognized that the elements that composed it were simple, but he attributed the secret of its power to the method of its compounding, and this method no one knows except the manufacturers and no one can acquire it.

Our advice to our readers, therefore, cannot be too strongly emphasized. As you would prefer virtue to vice, gold to dross, physical happiness to physical misery, shun the imitator and refuse thereby to lend your aid financially to those who seek to get, by trading upon another's reputation and honesty, a sale for wares and goods which on their merits are fit only to be rejected as the veriest refuse. You can neither afford to patronize such people nor can you afford to take their injurious compounds into your system. When you call for Warner's Safe Cure see that the wrapper is "black with white letters" and that the wrapper and label bear an imprint of "an iron safe," the trade

mark, and that a safe is "blown in the back of the bottle" and that a perfect "Le promissory note stamp" is over the cork. You can't be imposed on if you observe these cautions.

We have the highest respect for the remedy we have mentioned and the highest regard for the manufacturers, and we cannot too highly commend their dignified and considerate tone in relation to those who would traduce their fair name and ruin the best interest of the public in such matters.

How to Escape.

Bennet and Collister, the stage robbers, had a sham fight in their cell last evening, and the former lustily appealed to the inside guard, Mr. Bryson, for assistance, claiming that his partner was killing him. Bryson philosophically replied that he could kill and be "blanked," but that the cell would not be opened. The suddenness with which this announcement put an end to the hostilities aroused suspicion and this morning Deputy United States Marshal Mills entered the cells and made a close inspection of the prisoners, and, as he expected, found that they both had succeeded in cutting their shackles. The irons of Bennett were cut through the joint and could scarcely be seen, while those of Collister, which were severed in a more prominent place, were neatly covered with soap. These men are becoming desperate, but it is scarcely probable that they will be able to devise a plan to evade the vigilance of the officers of the jail.—Gazette.

Mr. J. D. Kennear came up from his ranch yesterday.

Fresh Sonora oranges, 35 cents a dozen at Dyar & Baldwins.

Messrs. Leo Korner and B. H. Peterson were to-day discharged from insolvency in the County Court.

Holiday goods arriving every day at the Fifth street News Depot. If you don't wish to buy, come in and take a look anyway.

Just received, a fine line of cashmeres and camels hair, at Summerfield Bros.

Fire.

This afternoon at four o'clock the clanging of the fire bell caused our fire departments to make a rush for the corner of Bruce and Seventh streets from whence a dense black smoke was arising. Frank Austin at once fastened the hose cart of the Rescue Hose company to his wagon and drove at break neck speed to the scene of the fire. Mr. Curby, the expressman, is deserving of a great deal of credit also, for he fastened the hose cart of the Engine company to his wagon and never spared his horses until the fire was reached. Upon arriving at the scene of the conflagration it was found that the bake house of the Eclipse Bakery was enveloped in flames. The property was owned by J. M. Nash, whose loss is about \$1,200, and no insurance. This is the second time Mr. Nash has been burned out, having been one of the sufferers of the big fire of 1881.

For oysters in any and every style go to Cole's Oyster Parlors on Fifth street. Oysters by the can a specialty.

Booth's celebrated oysters in every style at the oyster parlors back of Yaples candy store.

Mr. Laban Cole has just opened an oyster parlor in the cream rooms, back of Yaples candy store on Fifth street, where fresh oysters in every style can be procured.

An Accommodating Conductor.

"Do I have to go in there with all those cattle?" asked a stylishly dressed woman, with a dog in her arms, as she looked into a crowded passenger coach on a day train without a sleeper.

"No, ma'am, you don't have to," replied the conductor.

"Well, what can I do? I don't see any other car?"

"Why ma'am, you can wait at the station here till that train on the siding goes, and then you can have a whole stock car to yourself." She went in and sat down.—Ex.

Full stock half boots for \$4 at J. Meyers & Bros.

Holidays! Holidays!

SUMMERFIELD BROS.

To the Front

As we have concluded to reduce our immense Stock of Goods such as

Velvets,
Silks,
Plushes,
Cashmires, and
Ladies' Clothes.

We will say for the benefit of our customers of Tombstone and vicinity that the REDUCED SALE will only last till Christmas. Now is the time for everybody to come and see us before purchasing elsewhere.

In Clothing and Furnishing Goods

We have never heretofore shown such a fine lot of goods as we will at the present time. We can positively say a reduction of

EIGHT DOLLARS ON EVERY SUIT

Which is Quite an Item.

IN BOOTS AND SHOES

—FOR—

Ladies and Gents, and Children.

We have the finest selection ever shown in Tombstone.

Call and Examine our Goods

Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

SUMMERFIELD BROS